विश्व कोंकणी बाल साहित्य माळा
KONKANI FOLKTALES

हुंदराची हुंदूल्ली
Mr. and Mrs. Mouse

विश्व कोंकणी केंद्र, मंगळूर
WORLD KONKANI CENTRE
MANGALURU

बस्ती आजाली चीट

सानुल्या बाल-वाचप्यांनो,

विश्व कोंकणी केंद्र मंगळुरासावन, ही कोंकणी लोककाणयांची माळ आमी तुमचे खातीर मुजरत वेंचून हाडल्या.

तुमकां काणयो वाचूंक आनी समजूंक सोंपें जावचें, देखून आमी ह्या सान-सान काणयांक रंगबिरंगी चित्रांनी नटयल्यांत. तीं चित्रांय तुमकां पसंत पडटलीं हाची म्हाका खात्री आसा.

आजकाल सगल्या भुरग्यांक कोंकणी सांगाता इंग्लिश भास लेगीत वाचूंक येवपाची गरज उप्रासल्या. देखून, दरेका कोंकणी काणयेचो इंग्लिश सार आमी मुखावेल्या पानार दिवपाची व्यवस्था केल्या.

ह्यो काणयो तुमकां आमची भूंय, सरभंवतण आनी भास हांची अदीक लागिंच्यान वळख करून दितल्यो. हातूंतल्यान आमच्या गिरेस्त दायजांतलीं अनवळखी उतरां, वस्तु, नातीं, इश्टागती आनी अणभव तुमकां मेळचे हो आमचो हेतु आसा. तशेंच, ह्या काणयांतल्यान आमचे पूर्वज कशे रावताले, कितें चिंतताले, सैमा सांगाता कशो जियेताले, बरें-वायट कशें थारयताले हें तुमकां होलमतलें.

ह्यो आदल्या काळावेल्यो काणयो जाल्ल्यान, तातूंत तुमकां कांय गजाली काळाभायल्यो दिसतल्यो, पूण आपणालें दायज जाणा जावप गरजेचें. मागीरच, आमकां तातुंतलें बरें वायट वेगळें काडूंक कळटा; आमी मूळ काणयेचें सार-स्वरुप बदलनासतना, तशें करचेलो थोडो-भोव यत्न केला. तुमगेल्या पालकांक आनी तुमकां तो कितलो आवडलो हें तुमगेल्या बस्ती आजाक मुजरत कळयात.

फुडाराक तुमी लेगीत आपल्याक आवडटात त्यो नव्यो नव्यो काणयो कोंकणींत बरोवन आमची भास वयर काडूंक वावुरतलीं ही म्हाका आस्त आसा. तुमकां आनी तुमचे वरवीं कोंकणीक अदीक उजळ फुडार आंवडेतां. तुमकां बस्ती आजालीं परबीं.

तुमचो बस्ती आजो

बस्ती वामन शेणै
संस्थापक,
विश्व कोंकणी केंद्र, मंगळुर

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KONKANI FOLKTALES

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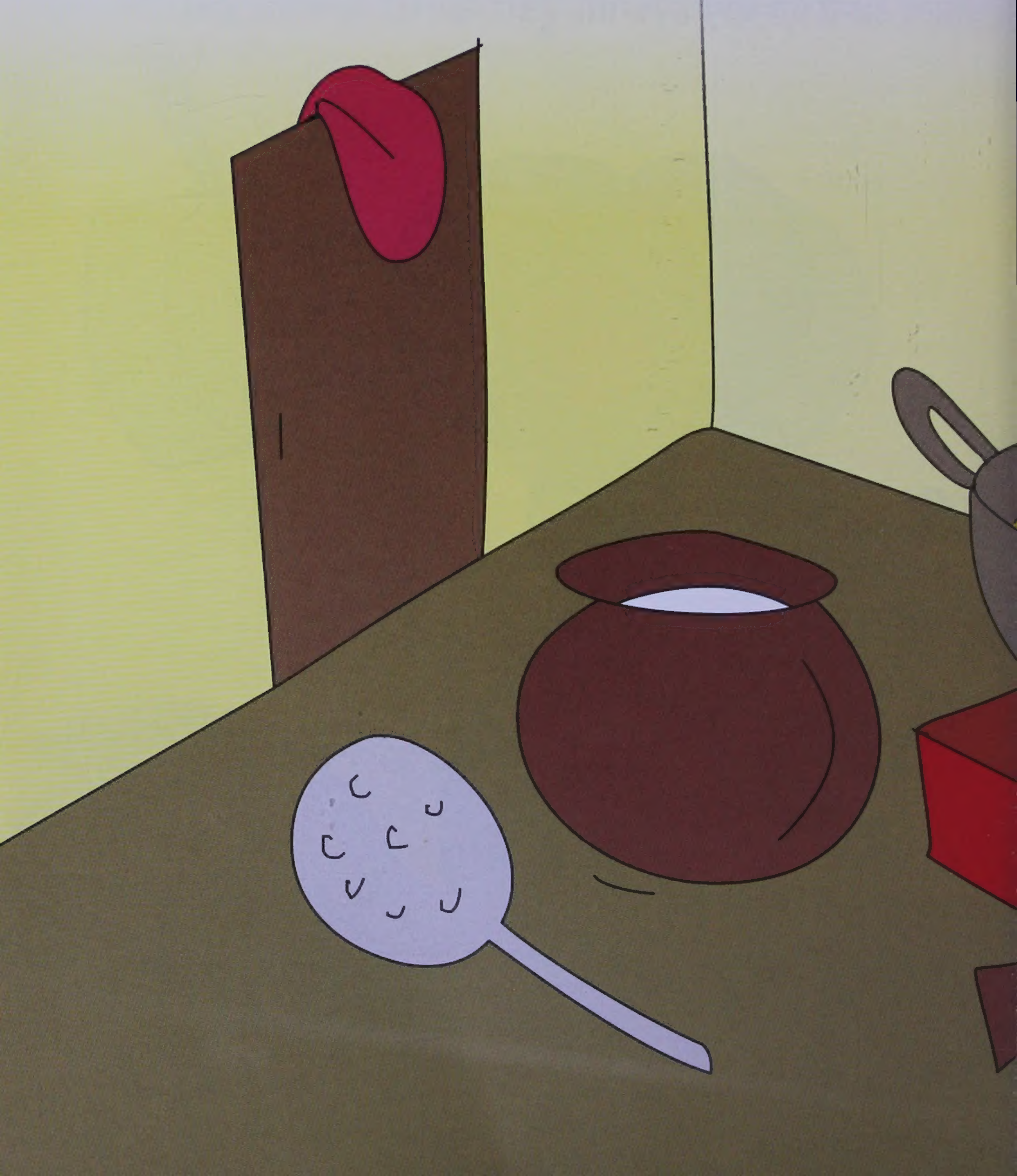
Once there lived Mr. Mouse and Mrs.Mouse. One day, he said to Mrs. Mouse, "Let's prepare some wadas and enjoy them. It's been so many days since, we ate any". Mrs. Mouse happily agrees, " Oh, yes, we'll prepare some". And so, Mr. Mouse gets some rice flour, oil, salt and hands them over to the Mrs. Mouse. She too collects firewood, pours oil in the pan and begins to shape the wadas. Mr. Mouse goes to the river for a bath.

एक आसता हुंदीर आनी एक आसता हुंदुल्ली. एक दीस, हुंदीर हुंदुल्लेक म्हणटा. "आगे, आमी आज बरे वडे करून खावया. जायते दीस जाले पळय, खालेच ना." हुंदुल्लीय खुशाल जावन म्हणटा, "हय, हय, आमी वडे करुया." जालें! हुंदीर वचून तांदळाचे पीठ, तेल, मीठ हाडटा, आनी हुंदुल्लेक दिता. हुंदुल्लीय लाकडां-जळोव पुंजावन हाडटा. लोखण्यांत तेल वोतता आनी वडे थापूंक लागता. हुंदीर न्हंयचेर न्हावपाक वता.

As Mrs. Mouse begins to fry the wadas, she dozes off and falls into the frying pan. The oil in the pan was boiling and so she is fried along with the wadas and dies without a whimper. Mr. Mouse comes home expectantly. When he sees her floating in the oil, he screams in grief, "Oh my Lady Mousie, how did this happen?", and begins to wail loudly..



हुंदुल्ली वडे तळूंक लागता. तळटा तळटा, मदी मदी झेमूंकय लागता. झेमतां- झेमतां ती लोखण्यांतल्या सळसळटल्या तेलांत पडटा आनी वडे तळचे तशी तीय बी तळून वता. हायूय म्हणूंक पावना, हुयूय म्हणूंक पावना. बाबडी मरून पड्टा. बऱ्या वेळान हुंदीर उमेदीन येता. पळय जाल्यार हुंदुल्ली सळसळट्या तेलांत उफेता. ते पळोवन "हुंदुल्ले म्हजे किते जालें गे हें!" म्हणत तो बोब मारून रडूंक लागता.

Mr. Mouse does not know what to do. He comes to the threshold and sits there crying, with his hand on his forehead. A crow flying by, sees the mouse cry and asks him, "Uncle Mouse, what's the matter?"

Mr. Mouse replies:

"Dame Mousie of Mr. Mouse - Got fried in oil and ghee
Uncle Mouse is worried sore - Blind you may go, oh, Crow!"

And then — the crow turns blind. Not able to see anything, he sits crying on the Banyan tree

हुंदराक कितें करचे कळना. तो उठून रडत कपलार हात मारीत दारांत येवन बसता. तेवटेच्यान एक कावळो वतालो. हुंदराक रड्टा ते पळोवन "हुंदीर मामा कितें जालें?" म्हूण विचारता. तसो हुंदीर म्हणटा:

" हुंदराची हुंदुल्ली - तेला-तुपांत तळाली
हुंदीरमामा चिंता करी - कावळ्या तुजे दोळे फुट्टी!"

तशे कावळ्याचे एकदम दोळे फुट्टात. ताका कांय दिसना. तो उडून लागिंच्या वडा रुखार बसता आनी व्हड्डान रड्टा.

Seeing him cry thus, Banyan tree asks him, "Uncle Crow, what's wrong with you? Why are you weeping so?". The crow replies:

"Mr. Mouse's Dame Mousie - Got fried in oil and ghee
Uncle Mouse is worried sore - Blind, he said, I may go,
Tree! your leaves may fall off, too"

And so, without any wind or storm, the leaves of the tree dropped down to the ground. "Oh, God! How can this happen?", so saying the banyan tree began to silently shed tears.

तें पळोवन वड ताका म्हणटा. "कावळ्या मामा आज कितें जालें तुजें? रड्टासो कित्या?" कावळो ताका म्हणटा.

हुंदराची हुंदुल्ली - तेला-तुपांत तळाली
हुंदीरमामा चिंता करी - कावळ्या तुजे दोळे फुटूं!

आनी.. वडा तुजीं पानां झडटी!" तशी वारें-वादळ नासतना वडाचीं एकान एक पानां भराभर झड्टात. "अरें देवा कितें जालें हें!" म्हणत वड बुळूबुळू दुकां गळोवंक लागता.

Every afternoon, a cow would take a nap under the shady tree. She finds scorching heat under the tree. Surprised, she looks up to find that there's not a single leaf on the Banyan tree. Intrigued by this, she asks the tree, "Uncle Banyan, where have all your leaves gone?" Banyan tree narrates the whole story and finally curses: " Oh, Cow, may your horns break in two". At once, both her horns break into two. She returns to the cowshed crying bitterly.

सद्दां दनपरां, त्या वडा मुळांत एक गाय सावळेक न्हिदूंक येताली. तिका वडा मुळांत सगळो रखरखसो दिसता. "आज वत कशी तर? कितें घडलां" म्हणून ती तकली वयर करून पळेता. जाल्यार वडाक एकूय पान ना. अजापान ती वडाक विचारता "वड माम तुजीं सगळीं पानां खंय गेलीं?" तसो वड माम सगळी खबर ते गायेक सांगता. आनी शेवटाक : "गाये तुजी शिंगां मोडूं" अशें म्हणटा. अशें म्हणना फुडें कुटूच करून गायेचीं दोनूय शिंगां मोड्टात. ती बाबडी रडत रडत गोठ्यांत वता.

The cow belongs to a Brahmin priest. His wife comes to collect some cow-dung cake, and finds the cow crying out "moo, moo". She gently pats the cow lovingly and asks her: , "What's wrong? Why are you crying?" The cow tells the entire story, beginning with " Mr. Mouse's Lady Mousie / Got fired in oil and ghee..." and finally says: "Brahmin's wife's waist may stiffen!" At once, the waist of the Brahmin's wife becomes stiff. Holding it in pain, she limps inside the house crying out, "Mother, Mother"..

ती गाय आसता भटाली. भटाची बायल शेणाचो थापो व्हरूंक गोठ्यांत येता तेन्ना गाय 'हाम्मा,हाम्मा',करून हांबेता ती तिका दिसता. ती गायचे फाटीर मायेन हात भोवंडायत "कितें जालें गे गाये? रड्टा कित्याक" म्हण तिका विचारता. "हुंदराची हुंदुल्ली तेला-तुपांत तळाली..." अशी सगळी खबर गाय सांगूंक लागता. आनी शेवटा म्हण्टा: "भटणी तुजें कमर धरूं!" तशें अकस्मात भटणीचें कमर धरता. "आई गे, आई गे" म्हणत ती भितर वता.

Inside the house, the Brahmin was at his morning puja and prayers. Hearing his wife's cries, he asked with concern: "What's the matter? Why are you crying". She tells him the whole story, " Mr. Mouse's Lady Mousie / Got deepfried in oil and ghee...", and finally says, "Let the stool stick to you, Brahmin". Immediately, the stool gets stuck to him, and does not come off.

घरांत भट स्त्रोत्र म्हणीत पुजेक बशिल्लो आसता. बायल रड्टा तें आयकून, "अगे काय झाले? कशास रडते तू?" अशें म्हणटा. तेन्ना भटीण, "हुंदराची हुंदुल्ली तेला-तुपांत तळाली..." अशी सगली खबर सांगून शेवटाक म्हण्टा: "भटा तुका पाट दसूं". तसो बशिल्ले कडेन, भटाक पाट घट्ट दसता. कितेंय केल्यार सुटना.

The Brahmin pleads to God for mercy to all. God is happy with his prayer and the stool comes unstuck from his body. Thankful to God for this kindness, the Brahmin says:

Mr. Mouse's Dame Mousie; Wasn't fried in oil or ghee
Uncle Mouse needn't worry sore;
Blind you won't go, oh, Crow!
Nor Tree! your leaves will go;
Cow, your horns won't break so!
And with God's love and kindness; Wife, your waist will lose its stiffness!".

At this, his wife's waist became normal.

हाका लागून भट देवा कडेन मन लावन मागणे करता. देव प्रसन्न जाता आनी पाट सुट्टा. तेन्ना भट म्हणटा:

हुंदराची हुंदुल्ली ; तेला तुपांत ना तळाली
हुंदीर मामा ओग्गी चिंता करी ; कावळ्या तुजे दोळे ना फुट्टी
ना वडा तुजीं पानां झडटी ; गाये तुजीं शिंगांय ना मोडटी
आनी, देवा-धन्याच्या कुर्पेन; कमर तुजेंय सुट्टूं गे, भटणी!

अशें म्हणना फुडें सट करून भटणीचें कमर सुट्टा.

Rushing to the cowshed happily, she says : "May your horns grow back whole". Promptly, the cow grow new horns. She runs to the banyan tree and says "May new leaves on the tree grow". So the tree grows leaves again. The happy tree says that the crow may "see again" and the crow's eyesight is restored. He gladly goes to the mouse and says, "Don't you worry. It is all a dream. You will find that your Mousie is hale and hearty at home".

ती धांवत गोठ्यांत वचून गायेक "नवीं शिंगां फुटूं" म्हणटा. तशीं गायेक बरीं शिंगा येतात. खुशालभरीत जावन ती बेग्गीन वचून "वडा तुका पानां फुटूं" म्हणटा. त्या बरोबर वडाक नवीं पानां येतात. वडय खोशी जावन वयर बशिल्या कावळ्याक "दोळे येवूं" म्हणटा. तशें कावळ्याक सगळें दिसूंक लागता. तो खोश्शेन हुंदीर मामा म्हर्यांत वचून म्हणटा "कांयच चिंता करूं नाका. तें तुजें सपन आशिल्लें. घरांत तुजी हुंदुल्ली बरी घटमूट आसा."

At once, Mr. Mouse rushes home to find that Mrs. Mouse is fine and is frying wadas. He regrets for wishing the crow ill and says 'sorry' to him. In turn, all realise their mistake in cursing another person for their own problems. They apologize to the one they had harmed and live together happily ever after. Likewise, Mr. and Mrs. Mouse enjoy the wadas heartily.

ते बरोबर हुंदीर घरांत भीतर धांवता. पळेत जाल्यार, हुंदुल्ली बरी आसा आनी वडे तळटा. आपणाक मदीं झेम लागिल्ली आनी सगलें सारकें आसा हें ताच्या ध्यानांत येता. आपणें कावळ्याक वायट म्हळें म्हूण तो ताची चूक मागता. तेच परीन, कावळो, वड, गाय आनी भटीण आपल्या त्रासांक लागून आपणें दुसऱ्याक खेपिल्लेखातीर ताची-ताची चूक मागतात. आनी सगलीं बरीं करून सुखान सांगाता रावतात. हेवटेन, हुंदीर आनी हुंदुल्ली, दोगांय बसून बरे उमेदीन मौज-मस्कऱ्यो करून वडे खातात.

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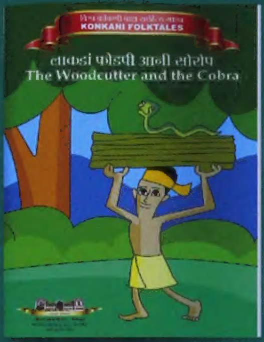
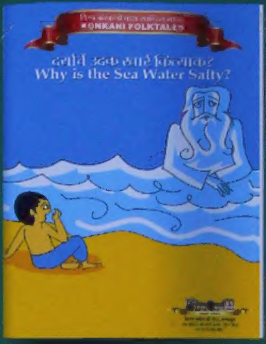
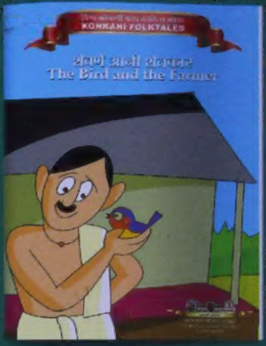
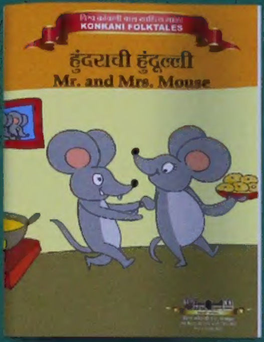
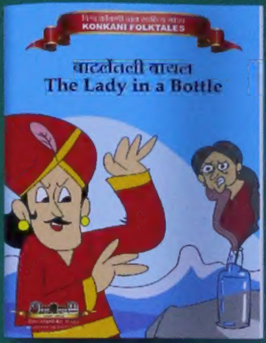
KONKANI FOLKTALES

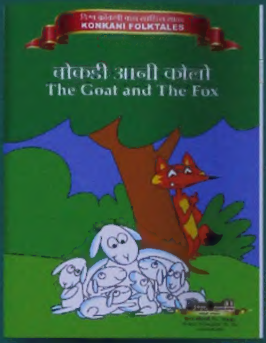


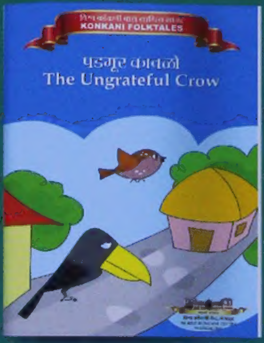


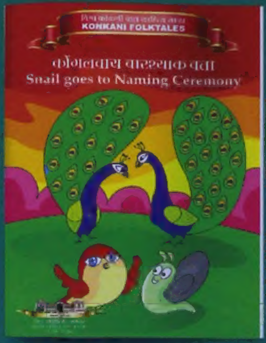


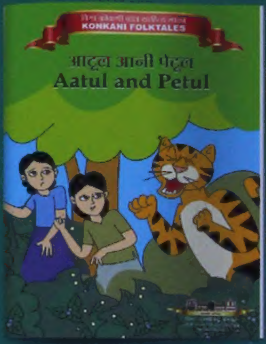












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